



[locked/work] on Christmas Day in the morning



standuponit
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2009-12-25 09:47:00

MOOD: 😊 ECR

MUSIC: The Pogues - Fairytale of New York

Surreal Christmas Moments:

This morning, Harpy. Duke and I had breakfast in the Idleweeds with Dice. Pancakes and jam, not as good as yours. Dice is here with Eddie. Duke is sitting vigil on Patient 01, who is probably not going to see 2010; I had my sleepover. Other notable visitors at Arkham Holiday resort this season include the Greenwoods, but they ate alone. Mr. Greenwood waved, however.

The sleepover went well. Wabbit is with Mr. & Mrs. Wabbit right now. I'll give her the fiber and the bobbins from you after, Harpy; Velasquez has already checked everything and he says I can bring it in to her myself. (They're letting me go into her room this morning. Yes, pulse rate elevated. But I have the ace up my sleeve if it goes badly. Which it won't.)

Third night in Idlewood, nonsequential. Maybe they're sneaking it up on me.

This is turning out to be a surprisingly good Xmas, all things considered. I hope all the Andreolis are happy with their caramels. Please Merry Christmas all of them for me. And happy belated Solstice to you, Harpy Dear.

(P.S., Duke says to hug his favorite professor for him; I told him that was inappropriate student/teacher contact.)

TAGS: wabbit



This looks like a
good idea

This.

Little guy's not
had

good idea.


...

you.

Gotta teach RHex
to smear.

10 comments



 **trollcatz**

December 25 2009, 17:14:21 UTC

COLLAPSE

I wish I wish I wish I could be making pancakes for you and her in my kitchen right now. And maybe I would burn some, and she'd pat my shoulder and say, "Don't worry, Peaches. You have other gifts," and I'd swat at her. Remember? Though that wasn't pancakes that time.

Or maybe she wouldn't do that anymore. I don't know. I just miss her so much, and no matter who she is now, she's my sister and I love her and I want her back.


Crap. Okay, a little crying on Christmas morning, not unreasonable under the circumstances.

If one of these times they don't let you come home from Idlewood, I'll come bust *both* of you out.

The caramels produced semi-articulate flailing and bouncing and chewing. Well received. And tell Duke I already hugged his favorite professor, but it was in a thoroughly inappropriate manner, so I'll do it again. No sacrifice too great for him!

Also, Tiger shredded discarded wrapping paper to make himself a burrow. He thinks the whole holiday belongs to him.



 **standuponit**

December 25 2009, 17:26:44 UTC

COLLAPSE

...We ECR because we care.

And you can be my getaway driver anytime.

We're going to have lunch together in a minute. She's cheerful and mostly herself, but you can see her *working* at it. And sometimes she says things, and I have to remind myself they're not from her. I don't think they're from her, anyway. Sometimes she apologizes. Sometimes she doesn't seem to notice she said them.

I came out to the dining hall to check my messages mostly to give her a rest. For me, it's a visit; for her it's a wrestling match. She's doing a great job of it, though, and most of the time I'm with my Wabbit, and it's good.



 **trollcatz**

December 25 2009, 17:32:06 UTC

COLLAPSE

Give her my love, okay? Ooops, I already asked you to do that. Tell her I miss her? Whatever it seems she needs to hear, I guess. I fucking hate being helpless.

You're visiting a sick friend over Xmas. It's okay. And if anybody can get well again, it's her, and she better, because I want her back.



[!\[\]\(4729e517bc6a7cd81c8025b9646574fb_img.jpg\) ace_cub_reportr](#)

[December 25 2009, 23:57:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Tell Tiger his holiday is in a couple of months. How did he like the car ride?

Patient 01 pronounced at 15:47. Merry fucking Christmas. Just finished the paperwork. I'm going to pop bye and see the Wabbit before I head home. Hopefully, it will be a treat for both of us.

All hail inappropriate hugging. I think I'm going to see if I can find some of that when I get back to what passes for civilization.



[!\[\]\(5361750c22c4e047a52f4eac1ec2d4cc_img.jpg\) trollcatz](#)

[December 26 2009, 03:43:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, man. End of an era. That's...disturbing.

Tiger rode in his carrier. When the car wasn't moving, he was bored and chewed on the wire gate. When it did move, he pretended it was an earthquake and we're all gonna die AIEEE! Then he got bored with that and went to sleep.

It was kind of cute, actually. Well, we thought so, anyway. But we're besotted.

I wish you much inappropriate hugging (in a completely appropriate context) tonight and in the year to come.



[!\[\]\(b64b40baaee5acddc1eab8538ba84754_img.jpg\) ace_cub_reportr](#)

[December 26 2009, 04:05:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


There was a certain amount of inappropriate hugging. And then cheesecake. And possibly even some snogging. The Maenad would probably tell me to say Hi if I weren't watching her sleep. (She conked out on the sofa about when Jimmy Stewart was eyeing that bridge with a gleam of speculation in his eye. I'll probably wake her up to go to bed in an hour or so. I'm kind of enjoying the quiet and the Christmas lights. Also, Pleco is vacuuming his tank, It's all restful, like.

End of an era indeed. He never woke up this morning, and there was a DNR in place, so when his heart stopped, that was it.

I called Karl Demmer. That was interesting, all right.

Hey, are you home tomorrow? Feel like a bad, bad movie Sunday? Possibly one involving Robert Downey Jr. playing a Victorian James Bond?




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 26 2009, 04:23:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...ohgawd, I am *there*. If I were any more there I'd already be standing in line. Victorian buddy action movie! Robert Downey Jr. and Jude Law! Slashy subtext! wOOt!




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[December 26 2009, 04:27:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Count me in.

In fact, as a psychologist, I *prescribe* it. As *therapy*.



 [standuponit](#)

[December 26 2009, 04:36:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

What did Demmer say when you called? I'm not sure what I'd say. I'm not sure I'd be able to sort it out.

Back home. Farewells were a little tricky; I was glad Ma and Pa W. had left earlier. Best bit was right after the tricky, though:

Me: I'm driving home.

W: In the Blue Beetle?


Me: Yep.

W: The seats haven't fallen through the floor yet? I wouldn't ride in that car if it was the only thing that would get me out of here. ...Oh, god, I'm sorry. I think that was the Bug talking.

Me: Oh, no, sis. That was you. You've said that for years.

It's not that funny written down, but we laughed unto hypoxia at the time. So we went out on the laughing instead of crying, and I think that's a win.



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[December 26 2009, 04:44:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

He said, "Oh."

And I said, "He didn't mention you. Or Stone."

And he said, "Oh."

And I said, "They made him as comfortable as possible."

And he said, "I guess that's a relief then."

And I said, "Merry Christmas."

And he said, "Merry Christmas. Thank you for the call."

And we laughed, and hung up as fast as we could. He sounded in good spirits, though.

And yeah, I think that's also a win. How come our wins look so much like other people's crappy days on the job?

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